Petr. *Hortenſio* peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell mee her fathers name, and'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I will not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you will accompanie mee thither.
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaues, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'le raile in his rope trickes, Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall haue no more eies to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio* I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd
Therfore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhall haue accеſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curſt, haue got a husband.
Gru. *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* doome grace,
And offer me diſguiſ'd in ſaber robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter
well

Well ſeene in muſicke, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this deuice at leaſt
Haue leaue and leiſure to make loue to her,
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſelfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio diſguiſd.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Maſter, maſter, looke about you: Who goes there?
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue.
Petruchio ſtand by a while.
Grumio. A propper ſtripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. Oh very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderſtand me. Ouer and beſide
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter then Perfume it ſelfe
To whom they go to: what will you reade to her.
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſefull words
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſcholler ſir,
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is,
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Aſſe it is.
Petru. Peace ſirra.
Hor. *Grumio* mum: God ſaue you ſignior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortenſio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*.
I promiſt to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolemaſter for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant yee.